

EXCURSIONS



ROUND TRIP EXCURSION FARES
Scottish Rite Reunion—Santa Fe, N.M.

February 22-24, 1915

Tickets will be on sale February 20, 21, 22, and 23rd. Final return limit February 27th. No stopovers allowed. Fare from Carlsbad \$28.50.

T. C. JOHNSON, AGENT



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PROLOGUE.

It is the "Hit Your Mash and Chook! Chook!" spirit—the vim, dash and "go" of a hustling mining country like the Yukon—that Jack London has put into these Smoke-Bellew stories. Mr. London writes of real men—men whose daily job is to join issue with danger and sudden death with never a whimper. You can't help feeling the thrill that runs in the veins of these iron muscled giants of the gold fields, particularly since Jack London, a good, husky figure of a man himself, has been through many of the adventures he writes about and has the knack of taking you along and of making you "hit the trail" with him. "Smoke," once a tenderfoot, now a sure-enough sour dough, has the test of his life in one story and is saved from defeat by a mere girl. In another he drops, as he supposes, to sudden death to save the life of a friend. Beyond question Jack London has struck the rich "mother lode" of fiction in these wonderful stories.

CHAPTER III.

The New Gentleman's Man.

Half the time the wind blew a gale and Smoke-Bellew staggered against it along the lake beach. In the gray of dawn a dozen boats were being loaded with the precious outfit packed in boxes and barrels. They were clumsy, home-made boats, put together by men who were not boat builders but of whom they had saved by hand from green spruce trees. One boat, already loaded, was just starting, and Kit paused to watch.

This wind, which was fair down the lake, here blew in squarely on the beach, kicking up a nasty sea in the shallows. The men of the departing boat waded in high rubber boots as they shoved it out toward deeper water. Twice they did this. Chattering aboard and falling to row clear, the boat was swept back and grounded. Kit noticed that the spray on the sides of the boat quickly turned to ice. The third attempt was a partial success. The last two men to climb in were wading to their waists, but the boat was afloat. They struggled awkwardly at the heavy oars and slowly worked off shore. Then they hoisted a sail made of blankets, had it carried away in a gust and were swept a third time back on the freezing beach.

Kit grunted to himself and went on. This was what he must expect to encounter, for he, too, in his new role of gentleman's man was to start from the beach in a similar boat that very day. Everywhere men were at work, and at work desperately, for the closing down of winter was so imminent that it was a gamble whether or not they would get across the great chain of lakes before the freezeup. Yet when Kit arrived at the tent of Messrs. Sprague and Stine he did not find them stirring.

By a fire, under the shelter of a tarpaulin, squatted a short, thick man. "Hello!" he said. "Are you Mr. Sprague's new man?" Kit nodded.

"Well, I'm Doc Stine's man," the other went on. "I'm five feet two inches long, an' my name's Shorty—Jack

Gouty Hands.

Rheumatism in the family is often the cause of chronic roughness of the hands, and you will find that people who come of a gouty stock have a great deal of trouble in keeping their hands nice, but they can be kept nice and the roughness can also be cured by constant attention and care.

In the first place, never wash the hands in hard water and before drying them rub well into the skin some glycerin and rosewater mixed in equal proportions. Don't be afraid of using too much. Rub it well in and then thoroughly dry the hands with a soft towel—no half measures, mind you! Rub and rub them until they are perfectly dry, then dust over with a little boracic powder.

dozen times, with a great expenditure of energy, this was repeated.

"If you'll take my orders I'll get her off," Sprague finally said.

The attempt was well intended, but before he could clamber on board he was wet to the waist.

"We've got to camp and build a fire," he said as the boat grounded again. "I'm freezing."

"Don't be afraid of a wetting," Stine sneered. "Other men have gone off today wetter than you. Now, I'm going to take her out."

This time it was he who got the wetting and who announced with chattering teeth the need of a fire.

"If you give me a shot at it I think I can get her off," Kit said.

"How would you go about it?" Stine snapped at him.

"Sit down and get a good rest till a full comes in the wind and then back in for all we're worth."

Simple as the idea was, he had been the first to evolve it. The first time it



Before He Could Clamber on Board He Was Wet to the Waist.

was applied it worked, and they hoisted a blanket to the mast and sped down the lake.

Sprague struggled with the steering sweep for a quarter of an hour and then looked appealingly at Kit, who relieved him.

"My arms are fairly broken with the strain of it," Sprague muttered apologetically.

Kit steered the length of Lindeman displaying an attitude that caused both young men of money and distinction to work to name him boat steerer.

Between Lindeman and Lake Bennett was a portage. The boat, lightly loaded, was dined down the small but violent connecting stream and here Kit seemed a vast deal more about boats and water. But when it came to picking the outfit Stine and Sprague disappeared and their men spent two days of back-breaking toil in getting the outfit across.

They came to the rapids first the Box canyon and then several miles below the White Horse. The Box canyon was adequately named. It was a box, a trap. Once in it the only way out was through.

On either side arose perpendicular walls of rock. The river narrowed to a fraction of its width and roared through this gloomy passage in a madness of motion that heaped the water in the center into a ridge fully eight feet higher than at the rock sides. The canyon was well named for it had collected its toll of dead from the passing gold rushers.

Tying to the bank above, where lay a score of other anxious boats, Kit and his companions went ahead on foot to investigate. They crept to the brink and gazed down at the swirl of water. Sprague drew back, shuddering.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "A swimmer hasn't a chance in that!" Kit scarcely heard. "We've got to ride that ridge," he said. "If we get off it we'll hit the walls."

"And never know what hit us," was Shorty's verdict.

"That's what I say," a stranger standing alongside and peering down into the canyon, said mournfully. "And I wish I were through it. I've been here for hours. I am not a boat man, and I have with me only my nephew, who is a young boy, and my wife. If you get through safely will you run my boat through?"

Kit looked at Shorty who delayed to answer.

"He's got his wife with him," Kit suggested.

"Sure," Shorty affirmed. "It was just what I was stoppin' to think about. I knew there was some reason I ought to do it."

Again they turned to go, but Sprague and Stine made no movement.

"Good luck, Smoke," Sprague called to him. "I'll be right here and watch you."

"We need three men in the boat, two at the oars and one at the steering sweep," Kit said quietly.

Sprague looked at Stine.

"I'm cursed if I do," said that gentleman.

"We can do without them," Kit said to Shorty. "You take the bow with a paddle, and I'll handle the steering sweep. All you'll have to do is just to help keep her straight. Once we're

started you won't be able to hear me so just keep on keeping her straight."

"They cast off the boat and worked out to middle in the quickening current. From the canyon came the ever growing roar. The river sucked in to the entrance with the smoothness of molten glass, and here, as the darkening walls revolved them, Shorty took a chew of tobacco and dipped his pad die.

The boat leaped on the first crests of the ridge, and they were defused by the uproar of wild water that reverberated from the narrow walls and multiplied itself. They were half smothered with flying spray. At times Kit could not see his comrade at the bow. It was only a matter of two minutes, in which time they rode the ridge three-quarters of a mile and emerged in safety and tied to the bank in the eddy below.

Shorty emptied his mouth of tobacco juice he had forgotten to spit and spoke. "Say, we went a few, didn't we? Smoke, I don't mind tellin' you in confidence that before we started I was the good dandiest scoundrel man this side of the Rocky mountains. Now I'm a bear eater. Come on an' we'll run that other boat through."

After running the stranger's boat through Kit and Shorty met his wife, a slender, girlish woman whose wide eyes were moist with gratitude. Brock himself tried to hand Kit \$50 and then attempted it on Shorty.

"Stranger," was the latter's rejection. "I come into this country to make money out of the ground an' not out of my fellow critters."

Brock, the stranger, rummaged in his boat and produced a demijohn of whiskey. Shorty's hand half went out to it and stopped abruptly. He shook his head.

"There's that blamed White Horse right below an' they say it's worse than the Box. I reckon I don't dust tackle any lightnin'."

Several miles below they ran in to the bank, and all four walked down to look at the bad water. The river, which was a succession of rapids, was here deflected toward the right bank by a rocky reef. The whole body of water, rushing crookedly into the narrow passage, accelerated its speed frightfully and was upping into huge waves, white and wrathful. This was the dread name of the White Horse and here an even heavier toll of dead had been exacted. On one side of the rapids was a corker—a corker and a corker—and on the opposite side was the big whirlpool. To go through the name itself would be to ride.

As they walked a boat took the head of the rapid above. It was a large boat, fully thirty feet long laden with several tons of outfit and handled by six men. Before it reached the name it was plunging and leaping at times almost hidden by the foam and spray.

Shorty shot a slow, sidelong glance at Kit and said: "Show fair smokin' an' she hasn't hit the worst. They've named the oars. There she takes it now. God! She's gone. No. There she is."

Kit as the boat was. It had been carried from sight in the dying moment between crests. The next moment in the thick of the name the boat leaped up a crest and into view. To Kit's amazement he saw the whole long bottom of the boat.

The boat for the fraction of an instant was in the air, the men sitting aloft in their places, all save one in the stern, who stood at the steering sweep. Then came the downward plunge into the trough and a second disappearance.

Three times the boat leaped and buried itself. Then those on the bank saw its nose take the whirlpool as it slipped off the name. The steersman vainly opposing with his weight on the steering sweep, surrendered to the whirlpool and let the boat to take the circle.

Three times it went around, each time so close to the rocks on which Kit and Shorty stood that either could have leaped on board. The steersman, a man with a reddish beard of recent growth, waved his hand to them.

The only way out of the whirlpool was by the name, and on the third round the boat entered the name obliquely at its upper end. Possibly out of fear of the draw of the whirlpool the steersman did not attempt to straighten out quickly enough. When he did it was too late. Alternately in the air and buried, the boat angled the name and was swept into the stiff wall of the corker on the opposite side of the river.

A hundred feet below boxes and bales began to float up. Then appeared the bottom of the boat and the scattered heads of six men. Two managed to make the bank in the eddy below. The others were drawn under, and the general bottom was lost to view borne on by the swift current around the head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOOK OUT-BARGAIN

I am located four blocks north of the Banks in ARTESIA, New Mex., with MULES, HORSES AND OTHER LIVE STOCK FOR SALE OR TRADE and will buy or sell.

Have on hand several young good mules from yearlings up to four years and they must go at some price, for I have no use for them.

See me before purchasing. I have established a FEED LOT and will buy or sell and handle all kinds of stock either by sale or trade.

Call and see me, or address

R. B. KNOWLES, Artesia, New Mex.

Christian & Co., INSURANCE.

FOR SALE

We have just got our Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds home from the shows the show season is over and we are well satisfied with our winnings at Roswell, N. M., El Paso, and Amarillo, Tex., and the Big Convention Hall Show at Kansas City, Mo., all of which we made a good winning. We will now make up a pen of our show birds for eggs which we will sell at \$2.00 per 15. The pen will be headed by the first prize Cock Bird of the above shows.

Now is the time to get your order in for eggs before the rush season.

HART & MULLANE,
Carlsbad, N. M.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

No. 2086.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, EDDY COUNTY, NEW MEXICO.
T. F. Rhodes, Plaintiff.

vs.
Henry Tipton and Fannie S. Tipton, Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given that in cause No. 2086 on the Civil Docket of the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico, wherein T. F. Rhodes is plaintiff and Henry Tipton and Fannie S. Tipton are defendants, which is the foreclosure of a certain mortgage upon the lands hereinafter described, and in which cause final judgment was rendered on the 3rd day of December, 1914, in said court, in favor of the plaintiff as follows: For the sum of Sixteen Hundred and Thirty (\$1630.00) Dollars as principal and interest to the date of said judgment and the sum of One Hundred and Sixty-three (\$163.00) Dollars attorneys' fees, which said sum of Sixteen Hundred and Thirty (\$1630.00) Dollars bears interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum and which sum of One Hundred and Sixty-three (\$163.00) Dollars bears interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from the date of said judgment, and for all costs of this suit and costs connected with

the amount of said sums, (exclusive of costs and expenses of this sale), with interest as provided in said judgment and decree to the 6th day of March, 1915, the date of sale hereinafter mentioned, is to-wit: Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-one & 87-100 Dollars (\$1851.87).

The undersigned was in said decree appointed Special Master to sell the following described property to pay the above mentioned judgment, said property being in the County of Eddy, and State of New Mexico:

The Southeast (SE 1-4) quarter of Section Twenty-four (24), Township Twenty-two (22) South of Range Twenty-seven (27) East, N. M. P. M.

together with all and singular the lands, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Therefore the undersigned will, on the 6th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the South Front Door of the Court House, (old building) in Carlsbad, Eddy County, New Mexico, offer for sale the above described real estate, to pay and discharge said judgment and all costs of said suit and of this sale actually accrued and to accrue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, and notice is further given that any surplus received over and above the money sufficient to pay such judgment and costs will be paid over to the Clerk of the District Court of Eddy county, New Mexico, to be by him held, subject to the order of said court.

The terms and conditions of sale are, that the purchase price at such sale shall be paid in cash.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 30th day of January, 1915.

CHAS. H. JONES,
Feb. 5—Feb. 26 Special Master.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roswell, New Mexico, Jan. 2, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910 and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 4319. Serial No. 029902. N 1-2 Sec. 25; E 1-2 Sec. 26 T. 22 S. R. 36 E., N. M. Mer. 640 acres.

List No. 4320. Serial No. 029903. 44th sec. M. N. CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN R. JOYCE, President A. C. HEARD, Vice-Pres. J. F. JOYCE, Vice Pres. G. M. COOKE, Cashier W. A. CRAIG, Asst. Cashier

The First National Bank
CARLSBAD, N. M.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

DIRECTORS
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Headache

Is one of the common symptoms of womanly trouble, and the cause has to be removed before you can rid yourself of it entirely. A medicine that merely kills pain, does not go to the seat of the trouble, and kill the cause. What you need is a woman's medicine—one which acts directly, yet gently, on the womanly organs.

TAKE

Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

After having used Cardui, Miss Lillie Gibson, of Chiseman, Texas, writes: "About three years ago, I was just entering womanhood, and was sick in bed for nearly nine months. Sometimes I would have such headaches, and other aches, I could hardly stand it. I tried Cardui, and now I am cured of all my troubles. I shall praise Cardui as long as I live." Cardui is the medicine you need. Try it. E-69

Lots 3, 4, E 1-2 SW 1-4 Sec. 19 T. 22 S. R. 37 E., E 1-2 Sec. 35 T. 22 S. R. 36 E., N. M. Mer. 474.14 acres.

List No. 4321. Serial No. 029904. S E 1-4 Sec. 19; S 1-2 Sec. 20 T. 22 S. R. 37 E., N. M. Mer. 480 acres.

List No. 4322. Serial No. 029905. Lots 3, 4, E 1-2 SW 1-4 Sec. 30 T. 22 S. R. 37 E., N. M. Mer. 154.32 acres.

List No. 4323. Serial No. 029906. S E 1-4 Sec. 30; N 1-2 Sec. 31 T. 22 S. R. 37 E., N. M. Mer. 474.41 acres.

List No. 4324. Serial No. 029907. SW 1-4 SW 1-4 Sec. 21; NW 1-4 NW 1-4 Sec. 28; N 1-2, SW 1-4, N 1-2 44 1-4 Sec. 29 T. 22 S. R. 37 E., N. M. Mer. 640 acres.

List No. 4325. Serial No. 029908. SE 1-4 NW 1-4 Sec. 5 T. 25 S. R. 30 E., N. M. Mer. 40 acres.

List No. 4403. Serial No. 029910. NE 1-4 Sec. 20; NW 1-4 Sec. 21 T. 1 S. R. 26 E., N. M. Mer. 320 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time thereafter before final approval and certification.

EMMETT PATTON,
Jan. 22—Feb. 19 Register.

THE HAT AND CLOTHES HOSPITAL

has 1000 samples of the finest fabrics all wool and a yard wide from which I will give you 10 per cent discount on any suit or overcoat ordered during the next sixty days. If you would buy a suit at any price, here's your chance.

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ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
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Will cry sales in any portion of Eddy County. Have had several years' experience and guarantee satisfaction. S. F. D. Phone 43 G Carlsbad, N. M.

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